THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

VOL. V. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1805. No. 15.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

New York, July 20, 1795.

Thus were matters, when this young man called one morning, early, to propose a ride, which, he said, would be of considerable service in restoring the spirits of Maria. He found it not difficult to obtain the consent of her mother, and they departed with a promise to return early in the evening of the same day. It was some time after dark that I called there, and discovered the good lady much concerned at the long absence of her daughter. I mentioned a number of casualties that might have detained them longer than was expected; but her anxieties continued to increase as the hours advanced. Ten o'clock came, when I relinquished all expectations of seeing them for that night; but my friend was so harrassed in her mind, that to leave her would have been ungrateful. You may imagine our situation during this time: my powers of consolation were soon exhausted, and the profound stillness that prevailed, was only interrupted by the sobs of my companion, and the hollow moan of the watchman.—Dawn at length appeared, and I made what speed I could to procure persons to go in search of them. We had no certain information as to the rout they had taken, which gave us good reason to suppose that our pains would be unavailing. For three successive days no account of them was heard, all which time the mother was a prey to indescribable sorrows. On the morning of the fourth day, a letter addressed to her was brought by the mail *

It was from Maria.—Call to mind, if you can, the grief of a mother, who with the most persevering care, had brought up an only child, to comfort her, when the hoary winter of age should chill the last taper of life—a daughter, but for whose sake existence was a cumbersome burden, despoiled of all her earthly possessions, involved in eternal infamy and dishonour. Such was the fate of this doating woman, who saw herself bereft for ever of the last hope—a darling offspring, whose name was now execrable—who had entailed a stain upon herself and family, which defied the utmost lapse of time to efface.

The contents of the letter, which was without a date, were submitted to me; they exhibit, indeed, a lamentable picture of despair, but judge for yourself.—

"How shall I dare to address you. The name of mother would be grating to your ears. O! what anguish tears my bosom while I see your aged image listening to the infamy of your daughter.—Shall I say daughter? am I not unworthy to be owned by so good a parent. Yes, guilt bids me fly from your chaste abode. O! my father, why was I not aided by those lessons you so lately gave me!—Where was the remembrance of your pallid lips, when they trembled for my sake with the words of paternal advice. But cannot I see your departed shade frown upon the supplications of your injured child, and ask how my polluted tongue dare pronounce the name of father? Shall I pray forgiveness from the God of Mercy? But how will he listen to a wretch who has violated his holy commands, and aggravated the crime by forgetting the most sacred words of a dying parent.—No! let me be abandoned.—The execrable monstsr whose honour I cherished in my breast, has driven me to distraction. I tremble to unfold the scene of horror which wrankles at my heart. O my mother! pity and forget your wretched daughter. Farewell, for ever."

Something dreadful and certain had occurred. Mrs.——— was in a state of inexpressible suspense and agitation; her mind, having so lately suffered from the demise of her husband, now assumed the appearance of a settled melancholy, and her constitution was fast wasting to decay.

I was very solicitous to obtain the particulars of the fate of Maria, but had the mortification to be baffled in every attempt, till passing through Elizabeth-town on a visit, I there met with a lady, who received on the fatal day of her departure, the hapless victim into her own house. She related to me the subsequent transactions, which were chiefly gathered from Maria's conversation.

"The gentleman and lady came to my house late in the afternoon; they seemed much fatigued with riding, but I heard the lady ask him several times if he was almost ready to return. He desired her not be uneasy, as the distance from home was but short; yet she repeated her solicitations very earnestly, when he replied, "let me not for a moment more infringe upon your desires; I will show you by my speed, how eager I am to extenuate the fault of detaining you so long; the chaise shall attend you immediately." He then with a bow, left her, and I observed him going towards the carriage-house. In about ten minutes after he returned, and showed himself to be much perplexed; he paced the room with agitation, stamped frequently on the floor, and returned no answer to several questions that were asked him by the lady. At length, coming up to her, he said, "shall I exhaust your patience by entreating you to remain here a short time longer? a circumstance has happened which precludes the possibility of leaving town just now." "What could have occurred? I beg of you to hasten our departure, you know with what anxiety mother will await our coming." "Would to heaven I could satisfy you," was the reply, then turning to me, he said, "madam, can you inform me, whether a carriage of any kind, could be procured in this neighbourhood?" Before I had time to reply, the lady asked, why he would not make use of the one in which they came. "That is impossible," returned he, "the servant with whom I committed the chaise, imprudently considering that we intended to remain here for some days, drove from the town with it, to give (as I was informed) information to a physician who resides at 20 miles distance, of his wife being unwell." "Good Heavens! and in what manner shall I reach home; if my feet will support me for the

purpose the attempt shall be made." "Do not be uneasy; if any method of conveyance can be furnished in the neighbourhood nothing shall be spared to procure it; assure yourself my desire for your return is no less than your own; I shall instantly make search, and I hope you will be composed for a little while, when I flatter myself, all further apprehensions will be done away." Saying this, he abruptly let the house.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

"Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd; and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or sleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces."

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I approach you as a man who by contending with adversity, knows his only consolation to consist in the relation of those incidents which constitute his wretchedness. This is done, generally, with a view to excite sympathy, and that benevolent principle, I suppose to be no where so active as in your breasts; and, should you be prolific of it for my sake, I, as a man of candour, would acknowledge it not misplaced. You must avoid doing me the injusitice to think the imagination concerned in what I inform you, as they are facts, "strong as proofs of holy writ," and such, I believe, as no one ever felt more piercingly. Unfortunately, my mind has always been susceptable of retaining delicate, or rather sexual impressions; and this is so thoroughly depicted in my countenance, that it cannot even escape the penetration of the illogical female. If a sigh has been breathed on my account, it has been responded by fifty in return; if a kiss has been anticipated from me, I never quitted the object, in thought, until her lips were worn to the base. For these reasons, my company has been courted with a fervour bordering on enthusiasm, by that sex, in whose arms, the happiest hours of man's existence are consumed. You will now ask me, what possible cause I can have for complaint, when such a rare enjoyment is left at my option? But I would answer, that this singular favour is involved with disasters, paramount to the alleged good; an instance of which will be seen in the sequel. The science of phisiognomy, though useful in commerce with the world, has its concomitant evils; indeed, to me it has been a peculiar source of wretchedness: like a true disciple of Lavater, I made it my study to trace in the lineaments of the face, the disposition of the person with whom I was in any way connected.—The subsequent occurrence, in which these scientific examinations had so great a share, compels me to be minute in describing a divinity, who has inthralled my life and fixed a perpetual chain upon the vagaries of my soul!

I was ruminating upon the transactions of a preceding evening, when my servant entered, and put a packet in my hand. Observing the superscription to be in my name, I opened with reluctance, what at first appeared to be Lecture No. XXI. from my aged maiden aunt, who (soft rest her chastity) has undertaken to give me, as she calls it "an epitome of the whole duty of man," parcels of which, she is in the habit of sending me, weekly; but you may judge my surprise, when instead of them, I beheld a lady's miniature, elegantly wrought. I know not how long I stood gazing on the angel-like figure before me, as I was only roused by a darkness which pervaded the glass, occasioned by an involuntary flood of tears. I called my servant, and closely interrogated him respecting the person who left the packet; but he knew nothing further than that, it was left by a lad, who requested it might be delivered to Hal Firebrand. It certainly bore no resemblance to any original I had ever seen. In the forehead I discerned twelve curves, or wrinkles, beautifully proportioned; the last of which extended in form of a half moon, to the eyes, one whereof was of a reddish cast, the other, bordered on the grey; from both, by admirable imitation of the painter, a pale thick fluid was made to issue out of the crevices, yet not so much as to preclude the appearance of a clear celestial fire, such as Sappho is said to have employed for the conquest of Phaon;— truly

"They must have darted from a *sphere*,
Our duller *system* to surprise,
Out shining all the *planets* here;
And having wander'd from their wonted place
Fix'd in the wond'rous *Heaven* of her Face."

The horizontal direction of her nose, was interrupted by an eminence rising in the centre, though gradually declining towards the end, which turned abruptly upwards, adorned with a brilliant red. The seat of ecstasy, (I mean the lips) hung profusely out in opposite directions, and were sufficiently separated to discover two rows of ivory, diversified with the colours of brown and dusky white—the contrast here was highly striking. The cheeks appeared of a light yellow, and variegated, as well as other parts of the face, with small vermilion hillocks, vulgarly called pimples; the whole terminated with the chin, in a regular pyramidical direction. Such an expressive countenance I never before had seen: it indicated every virtue,—a place where the graces had fixed their habitation. I pondered day after day upon this strange adventure; enquiries were put on foot in every direction, yet all ended in disappointment. In a little while, however, a letter was brought me; the writing was exactly similar to that with which I was before addressed. I separated the seal, and with much eagerness read the following lines; they just correspond with the idea I had formed of her, being in imtiation of the Anacreontic melody, strains well adapted for a warm fancy, and which greatly enhanced her in my estimation.

Thou whose tender looks impart
Bliss unto my aching heart;
Aching for the sweets of life,
Known but to the loving wife:
How have I neglected fame,
Dwelt incessant on thy name?
Name that shuns my opening arms,
Slights the best of nature's charms.
My life, my soul, all are thine,
Ease this panting heart of mine;
Come then list, Oh! do not fear,
Entwine me in thy arms so dear.

G. N. were the initials to this beautiful ode; but I exhausted thought in trying to discover the author. I succeeded so far as to find *two* females, who are intimate with her; but these served but to increase my distresses, by refusing to comply with my requests.

Indeed, you are unacquainted with the extent of my misfortunes: sleep is generally a stranger to me; my former avocations are no longer attended; sourness and taciturnity have infused themselves into my disposition, which, before, was remarkable for complacency and volatality.—I am buffeted by a storm that makes life irksome, and which has more than once, made me contemplate the crime of suicide without shuddering.

I know your rigid morality will censure the woman, who violates modesty, by making overtures of love to a young man, and the world, by a parity of invective, will attach a stigma to her for life. But would it not be well to overcome such prejudices, and attribute her conduct to an unavoidable impulse, arising from the finest principle of human endowment? Do not criminate her; but advise me how I may be disencumbered from so many oppressions. Perhaps your influence would induce the lady to discover

herself, or at least, you may cite the *two* who have knowledge of these affairs, to appear before you; their names, if you desire them, shall be mentioned, and when they are arraigned, entreat them,—earnestly beseech them to restore the tranquillity of

Your Friend,

HARRY FIREBRAND.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following anecdote of the life of an eminent artist, was originally published in a Provincial miscellany some years ago; if you deem it interesting enough to merit that distinction, you will oblige me by giving it a place in your useful paper.

L**** F*****

The life of Mr. Shervin affords, perhaps, as strong a proof as can possibly be adduced of the truth of the observation, that "genius, however opposed, or buried in obscurity, will, sometime or other, find an opportunity of bursting into view, and filling its proper sphere." Mr. Shervin, who, till the age of nineteen, was employed in the laborious occupation of cutting wood, on the estate of Mr. Mitford, near Pentworth, in Sussex, being one day upon some business at the house of that gentleman, and being admitted into the room where some of the family were amusing themselves with drawing, Mr. Mitford thought he observed the young man view the process in a manner too attentive, to proceed from mere vague curiosity, and questioned him if he could do any thing in that way. Shervin replied, that he could not, but should like to try. Mr. Mitford gave him the port crayon, when, (although his hands were so stiff and callous, through hard labour, that when a pen-knife was given him to sharpen the pencil, it slipped thro[illegible]nd as he endeavoured to grasp it,) produced a drawing that astonished not [illegible]all present, but also the Society of Arts, to wh[illegible]it was presented, by Mr. Mitford, and the Society's silver medal was voted to him on the occasion.

Being removed to London, his progress in the arts was so rapid as to justify his being placed under the care of Ashley, the painter, then in high repute. Upon his quitting Mr. Ashley, young Shervin entered with Bastolozzi, and in the space of three years, made such an astonishing proficiency, as to carry away both the silver and gold medals from all the students in the Royal Academy; and soon after produced those matchless engravings of Christ and Mary in the garden; and Christ bearing the Cross, from the altar piece of All souls and Magdalen college, Oxford; Frederick III. of Prussia, from the famous Schodwicki, of Berlin; which prints, together with the finding of Moses; (containing the portraits of a number of British ladies of the first fashion,) Gainsborough's Marquis of Buckingham; Mr. Pitt; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Duchess of Rutland, and a few other exquisite productions of his graver, mark to what a high degree of excellence, abilities, when properly encouraged, may in a short space carry the arts, and leave us to lament that the life of Mr. Shervin, was not of a longer date, and his works more numerous.

MISCELLANY.

JULIA GONZAGA.

(concluded.)

In the year 1535, Julia had the misfortune to lose her best friend the cardinal Ippolito. We are told by Varchi, that, by his frequent travelling backwards and forwards between Itri ind Fondi, where the air in the summer months is sometimes infected by the pestilential exhalations of a lake, he contracted such a sickness that forced him to take to his bed on the 2d of August, at Itri, a place belonging to him, at the distance of four Italian miles from Fondi, but did not prove mortal; for, when his recovery was almost complete, he was poisoned by one of his domestics. Julia exerted herself to save his life; but, as he could not be prevailed upon to take a counter-poison, or any other medicine, he died on the tenth of August, and was interred first at Itri, and afterwards at Rome, in the church of St. Lawrence.

It is highly probable that the grievous loss of so faithful and affectionate a friend, was the principal motive to her choosing a nunnery at Naples, for the place of her retreat. But she was likewise impelled by another very urgent cause to repair to Naples towards the year 1536. Her step-daughter Isabella, not only laid claim to all the seignories of her father, but even denied that he had settled upon her the 13,000 ducats. Though Julia's deceased husband had secured to her, by will, the possession of all his lordships so long as she continued a widow; yet, for the sake of peace, she was contented to relinquish her right, if a decent maintainance were but allowed her. But, as Isabella would listen to no proposals, the emperor Charles V. being at Naples in the year 1536, appointed a commision to search the will: and to determine the matter according to law and equity. This induced Julia to retire to a convent at Naples. It was not only more easy for her here to wait the issue of her process; but the convent served her as a rampart against all the attacks that her uncommon beauty might draw upon her. To this end she made choice of the convent of St. Francesco. She did not however put on the habit of a nun, nor did she confine herself within the precincts of the cloister. She lived elegantly, though reservedly, with the female attendants; and was condescending and affable to the nuns. She only went out on urgent affairs. None were denied access to her. She received her visitants with a most engaging cordiality.

Annibal Caro took a journey to Naples in the year 1538, more for the sake of seeing Julia, the wonder of her age, than the curiosities of that capital. He pathetically laments, in one of his letters, that he did not meet Porrino there to introduce him to her. He, however, succeeded; and expresses himself thereon in another of his letters thus: Di questra signora non posso dir coffa che non sia stata deta, e che dicendoci non sia assai men del vero.

How the process was terminated, with her step-daughter, who had married the prince of Salmano, is unknown to me; but it could not have been decided entirely to her disadvantage, as she continued to live in princely state, and left behind her an annual revenue of 30,000 ducats.

In 1540, she lost her father, the marquis Lewis Gonzaga; who, in his testament, gave in charge to her the education of the young Vespasiano, his grandson, on whom the continuation of the family depended. By this circumstance she was involved in a fresh law-suit with Isabella, the mother of the boy by the second spouse; but which was determined in her favour. She caused her nephew to be brought to Naples, where she gave him an education proper for a person of such high expectations. Of the privileges she obtained for him from the Emperor, in regard to his fiefs in Lombardy, and which obliged her to make a journey thither in 1546. I shall now speak, that I may consider her in another point of view, where she shews the greatness of her soul by the contempt of worldly grandeur.

Every one knows to what a height the house of Farnese was raised by Paul III. Peter Aloysius was duke of Parma and Placentia. He had a daughter named Victoria. Both

the duke and the pope demanded that she should be married to the young Vespasiano, her nephew. It was the advice of all her friends, not to slight so splendid a proposal; but, as she was convinced, that her nephew was not in a condition to provide for a niece of the pope and daughter of a duke, in a manner suitable to her rank, no arguments they could use were able to obtain her consent.

When Vespasiano Gonzaga, her nephew, had arrived at the age that capacitated him to assume the governments of his domains in Lombardy, she gave him up to his own guidance, bid adieu to all worldly affairs, and shut herself closer than ever in the nunery at Naples; that she might devote the rest of her days to repose, and what was then called piety.

She died the 19th of April, in the year 1566, after having appointed her nephew sole heir and proprietor; which, after the payment of the various legacies, amounted to a yearly revenue of 30,000 ducats. One thing is remarkable, that, in her testament, she commends her soul to God and our Saviour, without mentioning the mother of God and the saints; and that, of all her numerous legacies, there is not one that relates to monks and masses. I shall conclude from hence that she neither believed in masses nor in saints; but it agrees perfectly with what Thanus writes of her, that she and Victoria Colonna were thought to be secretly attached to the protestant religion. He relates, that Pietro Carnesecchi, who in the year 1566, was at Rome condemned to the flames, as a heretic, was adjudged to that miserable death because he had contracted friendship with heretics in Germany, and in Italy, was known to be on an amiable footing with Victoria Colonna, widow of the marquis of Pescara, and with Julia Gonzaga, who were suspected on account of religion.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. V.

OF MEMORY.

By Dr. Beatie.

This is that faculty, by which we acquire experience and knowledge; and without which we should, at the end of the longest life be as ignorant at its beginning. Memory presents to us ideas or thoughts of what is past, accompanied with a persuasion, that they were formerly real and present. What we distinctly remember to have seen, we as firmly believe to have happened, as what is now present to our senses.

A sound state of the brain is, no doubt, necessary to the right exercise of both memory and judgment. And hence perhaps it is, that some philosophers have held, that all our perceptions and thoughts leave upon the brain certain marks or traces, which continue there for some time, and, when attended to by the mind, occasion remembrance; but that, when the brain is disordered by drunkenness, or any other disease, so as not to receive or retain such marks, or so as to receive or retian them imperfectly, there is then no remembrance, or a confused one. But this is mere conjecture, incapable of proof, and indeed absurd.—For how thoughts of the mind, which are surely no corporeal things, should leave upon the brain, which is corporeal, particular stamps, variously sized and shaped, according to the nature of the thoughts, and how the mind should take notice of those stamps, or remember by means of them, is altogether inconceivable. We know, that we do remember; but of the immediate cause of remembrance we know nothing.

When we remember with little or no effort, it is called remembrance simply, or memory, and sometimes passive memory: when we endeavour to remember what does not immediately and (as it were) of itself occur, it is called active memory, or recollection. A ready recollection of our knowledge, at the moment when we have occasion for it, is a talent of the greatest importance. The man possessed of it is generally of good parts, and seldom fails to distinguish himself, whatever sort of business he may be engaged in. But some persons, who are remarkable for what is here called passive memory, and can remember all the words of a long discourse on once hearing it, are, in other respects, of no great abilities. Brutes have memory; but of recollection they seem to be incapable; for this requires rationality, and the power of contemplating and arranging our thoughts.—Great memory is perhaps necessary to form great genius, but is not always a proof of it.

The liveliest remembrance is not so lively as the sensation that produced it; and ideas of memory do often, but not always, decay more and more, as the original sensation becomes more and remote in time. Those sensations, and those thoughts, have a chance to be long remembered, which are lively at first; and those are likely to be most lively, which are most attended to, or which are accompanied with pleasure or pain, or with wonder, suprise, curiosity, merriment and other lively passions.

The art of memory, therefore, is little more than the art of attention. What we wish to remember, we should attend to so as to understand it perfectly, fixing our view particularly upon its importance or singular nature: that it may raise within us some of the passions above mentioned: and we should also, beforehand, disengage our mind from other things, that we may the more effectually attend to the new object which we wish to remember; that being apt to be forgotten, which occurs to us when we are taken up with other things. The memories of children should be continually exercised; but to oblige them to get by heart what they do not understand, perverts their faculties, gives them a dislike to learning, and confirms them in habits of inattention, and inaccurate pronunciation.

A habit of strictly attending to that, whatever it is, in which we happen to be engaged, and of doing only one thing at a time, is of great importance to intellectual improvement. It produces clearness and readiness of comprehension, presence of mind, accuracy of knowledge, and facility of expression. Attention to our company, is a principal part of politeness, and renders their conversation and behaviour both amusing and instructive to us. We ought, therefore, to be constantly on our guard against contracting any of those habits of indolence, or a wandering mind, which, when long persisted in, form what is called an absent man.

H.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

(*Continued from page* 109.)

Aouanna questions him with much affability on what he has learned. She mentions to him the lessons which he has had to recite, and he repeats them with a loud voice. She commends his application, and profits of this moment to shew him that it is only by this means that he can ac[illegible]y enough to give real satisfaction t[illegible]nes of his father: she recommends t[illegible]n to dread the loss of time, and to pursue his studies without ceasing night and day, in order to arrive at the end of so many labours.

Excited by this discourse, the youth takes up his books and reads in them attentively, till at length, sleep weighing down his eye-lids, his head drops on his book.

In this interval *Atay* returns with a pot of oil, some of which he pours into the lamp;

he adjusts it that it might give the better light; afterwards he goes to prepare the supper.

Aouanna, who perceives the young student asleep, awakes him and invites him, after her example, to break off his repose. He really makes efforts to do so, but yielding at length to a call, imperious at his age, he again falls fast asleep. *Aouana* remarks him; and in a song of a touching nature, she paints the contrast of the painful situation of a soul where inquietude has penetrated, and that of an innocent heart where reigns tranquillity which the thought of evil has not sullied. She touches lastly on the happiness which is the portion of youth, because it is yet unacquainted with the torments of maturer years. In this last part, she has her eyes fixed on the child. A truly maternal tenderness is in her looks, and she lengthens out her song by couplets on the lot of this unfortunate. She is now moved to the bottom of her heart. Although she would respect his repose, she nevertheless judges it indispensable to awake him. She wipes her tears, and at last resolves to call her young master: But, too profoundly asleep, he cannot hear her. Then she takes a ferule of leather which is on the table, and gives him a slight blow on the cheek.

Siou-ye awakes, rises up in a passion, and abuses *Aouana*, asking her what made her so bold as to dare to strike him, since she very well knows she is not his mother, but only a slave of his father. He manifests in all his gestures a degree of resentment for that action, which he thinks impertinent.

Aouana who has considered *Siou-ye* with the expression which a slight fit of anger inspires, rises when she perceives the effect of that storm drawing to an end, and comes to place herself before him. The youth is yet letting fall reproaches from his mouth, but it is already easy to remark that he has a sentiment of his fault. At length *Aouana* addresses him, and tells him in a tone full of tenderness, that she well knows she is not his mother. "But" adds she, "where can you now, find her from whom you received life, and by whom you have been so cruelly abandoned in your tender infancy? Since that fatal period, who has taken care of your days? who has provided for all your wants?....Without doubt, nature has not made me your mother: but has my heart ever ceased to have the tenderness and solicitudes of one? Have not old *Atay* and I laboured, day and night, for a great number of years, to succour all your necessities, in order to give you the most useful of all benefits, that education which in time was to make you a valuable man?....Who can be sure that your true father is yet alive?....Ah! I now feel it cruelly,....I have only taken so much pains, have only experienced so much anguish, for an ungrateful wretch! Already I become the object of your contempt and of your haughty humour. It must be so, since you force me to it,....I renounce for the future inquietudes which I see are likely to be so unavailing. No, I am not your mother. I restore you to yourself, and will rigidly abstain for the future from all the duties of a sensible soul, of a nurse. May the gods forget your ingratitude, as I do."

Siou-ye, who has heard all this tirade without daring to interrupt her (according to the custom of the Chinese children,) and who has listened to all her expressions with a painful attention, through which he discovered from time to time movements which expressed repentance, throws himself at the feet of *Aouana* when she has done speaking. He prostrates himself with his face against the earth. He invokes her pardon; he swears that he has no other mother, and promises her, with a thousand sobs, to have the obedience and respect for her which that title commands. *Aouana* is overcome, she raises him, promises to forget what is past, and, in mild language, exhorts him to subdue his passions, and thus to render himself, by his moderation, worthy to bear the name of his father.

[*They both retire afterwards into the interior of the house, and the act finishes.*]

ACT IV.

At the moment in which the curtain rises, we see the Mandarin *Thaye*, in a vessel which is coming the river; and he is returning to his dwelling covered with marks of honour and dignities by the emperor, who has raised him to one of the first ranks.

He details all that has taken place in his expedition, and terminates by the picture of all the enjoyments which await him on his return to the bosom of his family, after having been separated from it for so great a number of years. He paints to himself the joy which his presence will give rise to, especially at the instant when nothing has announced him.

Full of these delicious thoughts, he perceives on one of the banks of the river, a woman washing linen, surrounded with all that can denote misery. This woman raises her head, looks at the Mandarin, thinks she sees a spectre, imagines he is going to pursue her, sets up a cry, abandons her linen and runs away.

While the Mandarin is himself moved at this scene, and his ideas are thrown into confusion by this singular rencounter, he is seeking for the explication of it; there comes a second woman that appears as miserable as the former one, and who, bearing a yoke at which were suspended two buckets, comes to draw water at the river. This woman sees the Mandarin, cries out, throws down her buckets, and runs to a distance off.

The Mandarin now experiences a greater trouble. He reasons on these two circumstances, inexplicable for him, and arrives, full of thought and pensive, at the place which he inhabited.

ACT V.

The curtain rises.

Old *Atay* appears in a movement and in a disposition of mind very extraordinary, from having learned that his master becomes a Mandarin of an elevated rank, was approaching. He is occupied, with two young persons, in making ready the hall of reception of the house.

At a distance is heard a trumpet, the noise of the *gomgom*, and successively the sound of other instruments, which announce the arrival of the mandarin, now seen to enter with a part of his suite. He places himself in a great chair at the upper end of the saloon.

Old *Atay* prostrates himself before his master to felicitate him on his return, and sheds tears of joy. His master orders him to rise, and makes his suite retire.

Alone with his faithful servant, he inquires into the state of his house; the wives, the child, every thing is the object of his questions. *Atay* gives him a faithful account; and in his recital informs him, that the two wives after having quitted the spousal house, and having spent some years in a kind of life offensive to good manners, had only reaped shame and misery as the fruit of their deviations; and they had been seen reduced to the occupation of servants to subsist.

These details explain to the Mandarin the surprise and fear which his presence caused to the two women whom he found by the river's side, and who fled at his approach.

(To be concluded next week.)

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 110.)

'I may safely assert, that no soldier ever began his fortunes, armed with greater intrepidity than myself, though I confess that this intrepidity was borrowed rather from the decreation of my circumstances than the ardour of my mind. The remains, however, of former impressions were still alive enough within me, to mount into some degree of enthusiasm, when surrounded by objects of enterprise and courage, and all the spirit-stirring apparatus of a moving army. There is something too, in a common participation of danger, which by closer drawing the knot of amity, and awakening the social and benevolent affections, gives to the spirits a sort of spring and hilarity which the happiest occasions cannot always inspire.

'I shall not fatigue you with a history of the campaigns in which I served, much less with a general account of this destructive war, in which so much of English blood was shed, and so much of English valour displayed. The history of wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches us to conclude, that man can go on to massacre and to plunder, without regard to the authority of reason and religion, in the pursuit of a vain and crimnal glory, derived from the multiplied destruction of his fellow-creatures: yet while we are compelled to acknowledge that war is in itself a proof of the corruption of our general virtue, we may still consider it as a theatre in which the most generous qualities of our mind are exercised, and in which virtue meets with more splendid and trying opportunities of exertion, than in the comparatively calm and equable course of common life. This remark, indeed, holds most in regard to the tumultuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though carried on with greater national ferocity and personal rancour than in our days, yet from the looser principles on which the art was grounded, fortitude was encompassed with more difficulties and perils, honour was provoked by loftier occasions, and compassion was excited by more eminent sorrows and distresses. Thus the historian of ancient wars creates an interest greatly above what we feel in modern details of the same nature.

'The business of war is now reduced to a perfect science, and men go gravely and coolly to the bloody employment, contend without emulation, and slaughter without resentment. This mode of destroying our fellow-creatures, the delicacy and refinement of the moderns has discovered to be more humane; but perhaps it would be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds, that to destroy from motives of interest, is less culpable than to do it with the plea of vengeance. But, however, it may be considered in the light of humanity, in a view to history the ancient practice had considerably the advantage. The indecisivenes of battles, the formalities of encounter, the multitude of fortified places that retard the course of victory, and the intricacy and multiplicity of views and negociations, render the detail so dull and heavy, that, contradictory as it may appear, the most active parts of modern history are generally the least interesting and eventful. By the rapidity of ancient battles, we are so hurried along, as to lose the idea of their inhumanity and fatal effects: by the coldness and deliberation of modern warfare, we gain time to reflect on its deformity. By the sudden and mighty consequences of ancient victories, the attention is solemnly fixed on the progress and issue of every contest; but the balance of modern successes generally leaves the state of things little altered, after long and destructive campaigns, and unwearied perplexity of plot and negociation.

'But I must beg your excuse for so unnecessary a digression, for which, however, perhaps, you are to blame your own condescension, which, by inspiring me with an unusual confidence, has opened at once all the channels of my bosom. I have generally observed, that pensive and thinking minds, which have treasured up, through a long silence, an accumulation of sentiments and inferences, no sooner are unlocked to the gentle calls of friendship, than all their contents are lavishly poured forth, and the whole reservoir is emptied as from so many sluices and flood-gates.

'I need not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the British arms. The first considerable action in which I partook, was very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours under the duke of Cumberland, when he lost the battle of Hastenbeck, against the Marshal d'Etrees. Little anxious about my life, and disdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst of a close body of Hanoverians, who made a desperate stand in defence of my colours. The blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave men who had fallen by my side; and even in this condition, when death seemed inevitable my mind ran back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when holding fast my mock banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head, with the stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insensible to all the horrors which passed around me; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was fast coming on; that the engagement was over; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart about me. My hat had so far defended me, that the blow on my head had only occasioned a large contusion, and a considerable hæmorrhage, which, added to the loss of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raise myself.

'By exerting the very utmost of my little strength, I crept along to the distance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard amidst the gloomy silence of the night the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conspicuous enough to discover me at a considerable distance; and the horseman, directed, I suppose, by this mark, came up with me, in a few seconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned against the trunk of a miserable pollard in the midst of the heath. He accosted me in German; but, upon my answering in English, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his troop, after receiving a wound from a musket shot in the shoulder. He then invited me to accompany him to a light which he had distinguished at about a mile distance. I assured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further, and, wishing he might repose that night in a safe asylum, desired to be left where I was to finish my existence. This humane person, however, persuaded me, after many entreaties, to suffer myself to be raised on his horse, which carried us to the house where the light had been perceived.

'As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became insensible through weakness, and was carried fainting to bed. It was morning before I came to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my companion and preserver sitting by my bed side, and expressing in his looks the tenderest concern for my situation. My wounds had been dressed, and I was every way so much recovered as to be able to converse with him, which as soon as he perceived, he took my hand and addressed me thus.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THE LATE POPE, PIUS VI.

(continued.)

He flattered himself at first that some opposition would be made to these innovations by the Imperial subjects themselves; for beside the remonstrances of the Brabantese and Flemish clergy, the venerable archbishop of Milan was heard to declare, 'that his metropolitan church, honoured already by the martyrdom of thirteen of its prelates, should yet have another to boast of, rather than he would carry into effect such scandalous innovations.'

These remonstances were, however, of no use. The emperor persisted in his measures, supported by the assistance of the lay magistrates and the military power.

The archduke Ferdinand, his brother, had very nearly been deprived of the government of Lombardy, for siding with the Milanese clergy. His holiness now remonstrated himself against the reform. He ordered his nuncio at Vienna, Mr. Garampi, to present the most pressing solicitations to his Imperial majesty, to reflect seriously on what he was doing. This produced no effect. The prince of Kaunitz told the papal nuncio that his master was aware of what he had done, and persisted in his resolution. The reign of ecclesiastical censure was now no more; and his holiness, mortified at seeing such an humiliating dilapidation of the church under his pontificate, resolved to try whether he could not be able obtain, by personal entreaties from the philosophic emperor, what he despaired to wrest from him by the no longer dreaded thunders of the Vatican. He accordingly determined to visit the emperor at Vienna. Truth obliges us to state, that such a resolution was blamed by all the Italians who were acquainted with the character of Joseph and the prevailing opinions of the age: it was likewise highly disapproved by the sacred college itself; as it tended, they thought, to cast upon the papal dignity the disgrace of supplicating imbecility without affording any ultimate prospect of success.

His holiness was firm; and, if we are rightly informed, observed to the venerable cardinal [illegible], a person of the highest distinction in the college, and a most steady advocate for the prerogative of the church, 'that he would submit to the humiliation, rather than to remorse in his conscience.'

The circumstance of a travelling pope had not been known since the warlike pontificate of Julius II. In an enlightened age, therefore, it is no wonder that his holiness should receive more honours during his journey, than had been the lot of his predecessors, on similar occasions, in the middle ages. The pope set off for Vienna in Feberuary 1782. The writer of this article, who made it a point to read the Venice gazette at that time, can recollect with some degree of accuracy the honours with which he was received. Besides the highest marks of veneraton paid him by all the Italian states lying in his way, the following is the description of his entry into Vienna: At twenty miles distance from the gates he was received by prince Kaunitz, and the flower of the German nobility:—at 17 he was met by the primate of Hungary, the archbishop of Vienna, and all the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Austrian dominions:—at 15 he received the homage of the chiefs of the religious orders, and most conspicuous persons of the regular clergy:—at 12 he met the whole staff of the Imperial army:—from the gates of the city as far as 8 miles, 40,000 troops under arms paraded the road, in close order, on both sides; and at the extremity of the lines was the emperor himself, attended by the foreign ambassadors.

As soon as the pope had come within sight, the emperor alighted from his carriage and kneeled down. His holiness did not suffer him to remain long in such a position, but suddenly alighting from his carriage ran to raise him up.

After mutual compliments they both entered a stage coach, and made their solemn entry into the city, amidst the discharge of artillery and the ringing of bells. They proceeded then to the imperial chapel, which was adorned and illuminated in the most splendid manner. The great almoner, attended by the whole of the Imperial clergy, was present to officiate. As soon as the pope was seated on the throne prepared for him, the emperor likewise took his seat, and a solemn TE DEUM was chaunted by a numerous orchestra. At the close of the ceremony, the emperor led his holiness to the apartment called Maria Theresia, the most magnificent in the palace; he appointed his first minister, prince Kaunitz, private secretary to his holiness: the archduke Maxamilian, elector of Cologne, to be chamberlain; and 600 young Hungarian noblemen for his life guard!

These were the chief distinctions receiv- by Pius VI. on his journey to Vienna; but its main object completely failed, for it was not in his power to persuade the emperor to repeal any of his late acts.

Many curious particulars are related of his holiness while at Vienna; among others his having received several protestant princes, noblemen and clergymen, with the greatest affability; his visiting the venerable Metastasio, then on his death bed, to whom he sent, by his nuncio cardinal Grampi, the benedictio in articulo mortis; and of his having converted to the catholic persuasion many thousand protestants who had come to Vienna for the purpose of seeing him pontifically officiate on Easter Sunday. It was likewise reported, that in several of his conferences with the emperor, on the subject of ecclesiastical affairs, he told him to distrust modern philosophy for the sake of sovereignty itself; for that the secret intent of this pernicious sect, was the overthrow of altars, for the purpose of attacking the throne: which, if true, proves that his holiness is to be numbered among the unfortunate Cassandras of the French revolution.

Be this as it will, Pius VI. upon his failure, drew on himself those illiberal remarks which usually attend unsuccessful endeavours of every kind. Some said he was the Don Quixotte of the popes; others, that the last resource of the court of Rome was exhausted; many observed, that the emperor by bestowing on P. Lugi, his holiness's nephew, the title of prince of the Roman empire, had given him more pleasure than the repealing of the late imperial edicts would have done; many said his mission had proved truly apostolical, in converting so many heretics; and among others the observation of the king of Prussia should not be forgotten, who in a letter to D'Alembert, wrote, "Courage, mon cher Anaxagoras, Joseph n'a pas permis que la couronne se courbat devant la tiare!"

On his return to Rome, Pius the VI spent the six following years of his pontificate in the greatest tranquillity, wholly occupied in the improvement of his temporal dominions, and the aggrandisement of his relations.

He was not, however, quite free from anxieties with respect to the affairs of the church. The government of Naples, or more strictly speaking the lawyers, whom the Italians call the Monkeys of Government, took advantage of the late violent innovations of the emperor Joseph, and the unsuccessful expedition of his holiness, to bring about in the kingdom of Naples some reform in favour of royal jurisdiction and the lay magistracy. There were, undoubtedly, great abuses existing among the Neapolitan clergy, both secular and regular, and many unwarrantable prerogatives had been usurped there by the court of Rome, and the papal nuncio residing at Naples. But this endea-

vour at reform answered in the end no useful purpose. It ought, in the opinion of the most intelligent Neapolitans, so to have been planned, that neither decorum nor dignity should be wanting in its execution; there ought to have been substituted, in place of existing abuses, some wise regulations calculated to prevent the anarchy of judicial proceedings, and the ill effects of ecclesiastical intrigue; and lasty some good ought to have been the result of the whole.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

ADDRESS TO LOVE.

Oh! hopeful Love, thou sourse of ev'ry joy,
An humble vot'ry at thine altar stands;
To thee, the tearful off'ring here I pay,
To thee, I lift these long devoted hands.

My cries and vows, forever wilt thou slight?
Forever rob my feverish soul of rest?
Shall these deep sighs that heave my panting heart,
Find no admittance to thy rocky breast?

Then welcome grief, with all thy vulture train,
And fell despair, thou demon of the mind;
No more appall'd I dread thy blasting strength,
In death these pains, a balm shall shortly find.

O.

For the Repository.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

In imitation of Marcus Aurelius.

Why shrinks my weak nature? ah! what can it mean?
Why flutters my heart, which, till now was serene?
Why ling'ring and trembling, when glory's so near?.....
Or whence this enchantment that fetters me here?
Thou world of illusions, forever adieu!
Your phantom's unhallow'd, recede from my view:
New worlds and new wonders my passions invite;
And glories ineffable, dawn on my sight!
Hail! visions celestial; and thou, divine source
Of life, hope and glory; if e'er in my course,
Thy grace hath rell'v'd and exalted my heart,
Now let me in peace, and in triumph depart.....
'Tis done. Lo they come! bright celestials descend;
Saints, Angels and Seraphs, their symphonies lend:
The spheres are all vocal.....the raptures drawn near;
Immortal vibrations resound in my ear.
Cease, cease, thy fond nature. Oh! cease thy vain strife,
And let me now languish and die into life.
Blest powers! receive me.....I mount on your wing.....
Oh! grave, where's thy victory? Oh! death where's thy sting?

W.

For the Repository.

EPITAPH,

On a Young Lady, late of this City.

Beneath this stone now undistinguish'd lie,
Youth's rosy bloom and beauty's sparkling eye;
Features which stoics might have taught to love,
Join'd to the artless manners of the dove.
No fairer nymph these verdant walks hath trod,
None more engaging rests beneath the sod;
None with more charms in modest robe array'd,
Pleas'd without pomp, or shone without parade.
Learn gentle fair, beside this lowly tomb,
Not youth, but virtue wears perpetual bloom;
One now this marble veils from human eyes,
But t'other glories in its native skies:
Merit alone can now endear the maid,
Or crown with honours B——'s sweet shade.

S.

FROM THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom wears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;

But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

BACCHUS AND APOLLO.

I.

Bacchus is a jolly boy,
And Bacchus we will follow;
He's open, gen'rous, bold and free,
And better than Apollo.

II.

Apollo's soft, effeminate,
Bacchus brisk and jolly;
He always shews an hones face,
Dispersing melancholy!

III.

Bacchus is the god of wine;
Apollo's god of squeakers;
He, quiv'ring, shakes his lyre and lute,
While Bacchus rings his beakers!

IV.

Thus Bacchus has his music too,
And master Pol surpasses;
Pol scrapes all day; Bac plays all night,
Tuning his music-glasses.

EPIGRAMS.

On seeing one Bacon in the pillory in London.

Why so relentless do you pelt,
With all the force you can,
As if your heart no pity felt
For the unhappy man?
The thrower smil'd, "why, sir," said he,
"The judge has felt a zest,
And thinks that Bacon best would be,
If well with eggs 'twas drest."

Quoth Hodge to his son, who good swiging did love,
Each glass that you drink will your enemy prove;
Quoth Tony, dear feyther, we must love our foes,
So he turn'd up the bottle, and hiccup'd..... here goes.

ANECDOTE.

A free negro, was brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering; the magistrate begins to remonstrate—"Do you know how to read?"—"Yes, massa, little!"—"Well, don't you never make use of the bible?"—"Yes, massa, I strap my razor on it, sometime."

Terms of the Repository— dollars per annum, payable quarterly. subscribers to pay half yearly in advance or obtain sufficient security

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY KELLEY, NO. 76, NORTH FOURTH

Where Subscriptions and Literary Communications will be received.